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A PEEP AT THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES.

SOME of the greatest distinctions amongst the people of this country arise from the trades and consequent habits of different districts. The weaving and cotton-spinning swains of Lancashire, the miners of Derbyshire and Cornwall, the mechanics of Sheffield and Birmingham, the carpet-weavers of Kidderminster and ribbon-weavers of Coventry, the potters of Staffordshire, the keelmen of Newcastle-on-Tyne, the colliers of that neighbourhood, the shepherds of the North and the shepherds of the South Downs, the agricultural peasantry, each and all have their own peculiar characteristics of personal aspect, language, tastes, and tone of mind, which it would be worth while to trace out and record. It would have the good effect of making the different districts better acquainted with each other, and would present features that would surprise many who imagine themselves pretty familiar with the population of their native land. We will answer for it that there are few who have any accurate or lively idea of that singular district which furnishes us with the earthenware we are daily using, from the common red flower-pot to the most superb table services of porcelain, from the child's plaything of a deer or a lamb resting under a highly verdurous crockery tree, to the richest ornaments for the mantel-piece, or chaste and beautiful copies of the Portland or Barberini vase. Who has a knowledge of this district? Who is aware that it covers with its houses and factories a tract of ten miles in length, three or four in width, and that in it a population of upwards of 70,000 persons is totally engaged in making pots, that cooks and scullions all over the world may enjoy the breaking of them! Such, however, is the reputed extent and population of the Staffordshire Potteries.

The general aspect of the Potteries is striking. The great extent of workmen's houses, street after street, all of one size and character, has a singular effect on the stranger. From the vicinity to the moorlands and to the Peak of Derbyshire, the country in which the Potteries are situated is diversified with long ridges of considerable elevation, and intervening valleys, and to those who travel through it by night, presents a remarkable appearance. The whole region appears one of mingled light and darkness. Lights are seen scattered all over a great extent in every direction—some burning steadily, others huge flitting flames, as if vomited from the numerous mouths of furnaces or pits on fire. Some are far below you, some glare aloft as in mountainous holds. The darkness exaggerates the apparent heights and depths at which these flames appear, and you imagine yourself in a much more rugged and wild region than you really are. Daylight undeceives you in this respect, but yet reveals scenery that to the greater number of passengers is strange and new. They see a country which in its natural features is pleasing, bold to a certain degree, and picturesque to a still greater. There is the infant Trent, a small stream winding down from its source in the moorlands towards the lovely grounds of Trentham, the seat of the Duke of Sutherland, through a fine expanded and winding valley, beyond which rises the heathy heads of moorland hills towards Leek. Among and between the pottery towns are scattered well-cultivated fields, and the houses of the wealthy potters, in sweet situations, and enveloped in noble trees; but the towns themselves are strange enough. As you overlook them from some height, they appear huge stretches of conglomerated brick houses, chiefly of one size and kind, interspersed with, here and there, a much larger one, with great square manufactories; with tall engine chimnies vomiting black volumes of

smoke, and with tall conical erections, much like those of glass manufactories, which are the pot-hovels in which they bake their wares in ovens or furnaces. As you advance, new characteristics present themselves at every step. Except just in the centre of each town—for, to use the lofty language of an historian of the Potteries, they are a *catenation* of several towns, though the dwellings of one reach pretty near to those of the other, as Lane-End, Lane-Delph, Stoke, Shelton, Hanley, Burslem, Tunstall, &c.—you see no good shops, or houses which indicate a middle class, such as, in fact, the majority of common towns are composed of. There are, generally speaking, but two classes of houses as of people—the thousands of those of the working order, and the fine massy and palace-like abodes of the wealthy employers. In the outskirts, and particularly about Lane-End, you find an odd jumble of houses, gardens, yards, heaps of cinders and scorings from the works, clay-pits, clay-heaps, roads made of broken pots, blacking and soda-water bottles that perished prematurely, not being able to bear "the furnace of affliction," and so are cast out "to be trodden under foot of man;" garden walls partly raised of banks of black earth crumbling down again, partly an attempt at a post-and-rail, with some dead gorse thrust under it; but more especially by piles of seggars, that is, a yellowish-looking sort of stone pot, having much the aspect of a bushel measure, in which they bake their pottery ware. Many of these seggars are piled up also into walls of sheds and pig-sties. The prospects which you get as you march along, particularly between one town and another, consist chiefly of coal-pits, and huge steam-engines to clear them of water, clay-pits, brick yards, ironstone mines, and new roads making and hollows levelling with the inexhaustible material of the place, fragments of stoneware.

As you proceed, you find, in the dirtiest places, troops of dirty children, and, if it be during working hours, you will see few people besides. You pass large factory after factory, which are generally built round a quadrangle with a great archway of approach for people and waggons. There you see a chaos of crates and casks in the quadrangle; and in the windows of the factory next the street, earthenware of all sorts piled up, cups, saucers, mugs, jugs, teapots, mustard-pots, inkstands, pyramids, and basins, painted dishes and beautifully enamelled china dishes and covers, and, ever and anon, a giant jug, filling half a window with its bulk, and fit only to hold the beer of a Brobdingnag monarch. In smaller factories, and house-windows, you see similar displays of wares of a common stamp; copper-lustre jugs, and tea-things, as they call them, of tawdry colouring and coarse quality, and heaps of figures of dogs, cats, mice, men, sheep, goats, horses, cows, &c., &c., all painted in glaring tints laid plentifully on; painted pot marbles, and drinking-mugs for Anne, and Charlotte, and William, with their names upon them in letters of pink or purple, or, where the mugs are of porcelain, in letters of gold.

While you are thus advancing, and making your observations, you will generally find your feet on a good footpath, paved with the flat sides of a darkish sort of brick; but, ever and anon, you will also find your soles crunching and grinding on others, composed of the fragments of cockspurs, stiles, and triangles, or, in other words, of little white sticks of pot, which they put between their wares in the furnace, to prevent them from running together. You pass the large and handsome mansions of the master-potters, standing amid the ocean of dwellings of their workmen. You meet huge barrels on wheels, white with the overflow-

ing of their contents, which is slip, or the material for earthenware in a liquid state as it comes from the mills where it is ground; and at the hour of leaving the factories for meals, or for the night, out pour and swarm about you men in long white aprons, all whitened themselves as if they had been working amongst pipe-clay, young women in troops, and boys without number. All this time imagine yourself marching beneath great clouds of smoke, and breathing various vapours of arsenic, muriatic acid, sulphur, and spirits of tar, and you will have some *taste* and *smell*, as well as view, of the Potteries; and, notwithstanding all which, they are as healthy as any manufacturing district whatever.

Such is a tolerable picture of the external aspect of the Potteries, but it would be very imperfect still, if we did not point out all the large chapels that are scattered throughout the whole region, and the plastering of huge placard on placard on almost every blank wall, and at every street corner, giving you notice of—plays, and horse riders, and raffles! No: but of sermons upon sermons; sermons here, sermons there, sermons every where! There are sermons for the opening of schools and chapels, sermons for aiding the infirmity, for Sunday schools and infant schools, announcements of missionary meetings and temperance meetings, and, perhaps, for political meetings also, for it is difficult to say whether the spirit of religion or politics flourishes most in the district.

The Potteries are, in fact, one of the strongholds of dissent and democracy. Nine-tenths of the population are dissenters. The towns have sprung up rapidly, and, comparatively, in a few years, and the inhabitants naturally associate themselves with popular opinions both in government and religion. They do not belong to the ancient times, nor therefore to the ancient order of things. They seem to have as little natural alliance with aristocratic interests and establishments of religion as America itself. This people, indeed, are a busy swarm, that seem to have sprung out of the ground on which they tread, and claim as much right to mould their own opinions as to mould their own pottery. The men have always been noted for the freedom of their opinions, as well as for the roughness of their manners. But in this latter respect they are daily improving. Nearly twenty years ago, we have seen some things there which made us stare. We have seen a whole mob, men, women, and children, collect round a couple of young Quaker ladies, and follow them along the streets in perfect wonder at their costume; and we have seen a great potter walk straight through a group of ladies, on the footpath, in his white apron and dusty clothes, instead of stepping off the path; and all that with the most perfect air of innocent simplicity, as if it were the most proper and polite thing in the world. We also remarked at that time that scarcely a dog was kept by the workmen but it was a bull-dog; a pretty clear indication of their prevailing tastes. But their chapels and schools, temperance societies, and literary societies, and mechanics' institutions, have produced their natural effects, and there is no reason to believe that the population of the Potteries is behind the population of other manufacturing districts in manners or morals. Were it otherwise, indeed, a world of social and religious exertion would have been made in vain. It is not to be supposed that such men as the Wedgwoods, the Spodes, the Ridgways, the Meighs, &c. &c., men who not only have acquired princely fortunes there, but have laboured to diffuse the influence of their intelligence and good taste around them with indefatigable activity, should have worked to no purpose. Nay, the air of growing cleanliness

and comfort, the increase of more elegant shops, of banks, and covered markets, are of themselves evidence of increased refinement, and therefore of knowledge. One proof of the growth of knowledge we could not help smiling at the other day. We had noticed some years ago that a public-house with the sign of a leopard was always called the Spotted Cat; nobody knew it by any other name; but now, such is the advance of natural history, that, as if to eradicate the name of spotted cat for ever, the figure of the beast is dashed out by the painter's brush, and the words, *The Leopard*, painted in large letters, in its stead.

As in most populous districts, the Methodists have here done much to improve and reform the mass. John Wesley planted his church here, and his disciples, under the various names of Wesleyans, New and Primitive Methodists, are numerous. The New Methodists have in Shelton one of the largest chapels they have in the kingdom. The very Christian names abounding here seem to imply that there has long been in the people a great veneration for the Scriptures. In no part of the country do the names of the Old Testament so much prevail. We verily believe that a complete catalogue of the population would present a majority of such names. Every other name that you meet is Moses, or Aaron, Elisha, Daniel, or Job. This peculiarity may be seen in the names of almost all the potters of eminence. It is Josiah and Aaron Wedgwood, Josiah Spode, Enoch Wood and Aaron Wood, Jacob Warburton, Elijah Mayer, Ephraim Chatterley, Joshua Heath, Enoch Booth, Ephraim Hobson, Job Meigh, &c. &c. Fenton the poet, who was from Fenton in the Potteries, was *Elijah Fenton*.

But if the potters have been fond of ancient and patriarchal names, they have been equally fond of modern improvements and discoveries in their art; and when we recollect that little more than a century ago the Potteries were mere villages, their wares rude, their names almost unknown in the country, and now behold the beauty and variety of their articles, which they send to every part of the world, not excepting China itself; when we see the vast population here employed and maintained in comfort, the wealth which has been accumulated, and the noble warehouses full of earthenware of every description, we must feel that there is no part of England in which the spirit and enterprise of the nation have been more conspicuous.

THE TWIN CHIEFS—A TALE OF THE SABINE.*

THE river Sabine is the boundary between the United States and Texas. It empties itself into the Sabine Bay, which opens into the Gulf of Mexico, and is surrounded by low marshy lands, which form an extensive uninhabitable district, the haunt of innumerable flocks of swans, wild geese, ducks, pelicans, cranes, and every species of water fowl. At the mouth of the bay, as the traveller enters from the gulf, the sides of the river have their bottom covered with mud several feet deep, rendering it dangerous to attempt to land, although it is the only part where any bluff offers a landing-place; it may be accomplished, however, at high water, in small flat-bottomed skiffs. Here you have an extensive view of swamp, covered with coarse grass and rushes, unbroken by woodland of any description. The tide flows over it, and it would require a coat of mail to venture on an investigation of its peculiarities, for the mosquitos are insufferable; and after in vain attempting to battle them off from your face and hands, you return to your boat covered as thickly as if a swarm of bees had settled on you, nor will you find common cloth garments a sufficient protection against them.

About a hundred miles up the river, there is a small Indian village, where the remnants of a large tribe have settled. They date the commencement of their fall from the first arrival of the white man, and will tell you that their race have become degenerate in every respect since that period. They have diminished in their size, as well as numbers. They were strong as the hard oak, erect as the cypress, as numerous as the leaves of the forest; now they are weak as women, bent like old age, and few as the stars at summer's twilight. They were a race of warriors, who set even the Camanches at defiance, and whose ancestors slept in their graves unmolested; they are no longer fit for

war, and the crow follows the white man's ploughshare, croaking with delight as it devours the worms that have fattened on the dead bodies of their forefathers.

Dilka, the chief's wife, had twin sons, who were so equal in their skill, and so equally beloved, that at their father's death it was difficult to determine which should succeed him; nor were they willing to submit to the decision of their tribe, but each declined in favour of his brother. It was therefore decided that they should act together with equal authority—an arrangement which was rendered highly advantageous from the great number of their people—both in war and peace. Their hunting-grounds extended from the sea coast to the Rocky Mountains, and the feats of Dilka's sons were whispered by their foes with dread—were sung by the friendly tribes with praise. They were seldom seen apart, unless their duty required it, nor was an angry word ever known to have passed between them; when they practised with the bow together, none would express more delight or warmer eulogies than the defeated brother.

It would be useless for me to make any comment on the perfect symmetry of the form in which nature had moulded these sons of the forest. But it was a sight truly beautiful to see them standing alone beneath some lofty pine, offering up their thoughts to the great spirit. One day, when they had descended with a party to fish at the lower part of the river, where the lake was visible, they saw a white object afloat upon its bosom, and long they stood gazing as it increased in size. It was unlike a bird, or any thing they had seen before. The blast of surprise was given from the horn of the buffalo, and party after party came hurrying down the river in their canoes, gathering around their chiefs with the spear, the war-club, tomahawk, and bow. A thrilling anxiety filled the bosoms of all, as their attention was drawn to the object. Not a word was spoken; and as the vessel approached, for it was a schooner, they prepared for an attack, readily perceiving that, although the thing was not alive, there were living beings on it. Overtures of peace were offered by the strangers, who came with glittering presents in their hands. The gaudy display of red and yellow cloth, of blankets, beads, and gilded ornaments, attracted the notice of the less wary, who, with uncontrollable delight, disguised their well-proportioned limbs in useless trumpery, strutting with vain conceit. Hitherto the deer-skin, prepared by themselves, and much better calculated for their pursuits, much more durable too, had sufficed. Their friendly visitors brought them the luxuries of their own country, but they also at the same time brought their vices. The chiefs became friendly with the captain, returned his presents a hundred-fold, visited his wigwam of the big waters, displayed their own exploits, and saw with wonder the sailors spring from rope to rope; lost their natural courage at the sound of the fuses, and felt the condescension in one to them possessing the power of a god becoming familiar with them. They tasted their different preparations of food, and cooked for them the buffalo and venison, which they do in a peculiar manner. They likewise tasted the sweet wines and ardent spirits. At first, like children, they refused the draught, but soon they yielded to persuasion and example. They tasted, and their love of it increased with what they took. Next came drunkenness, and all the wild insanity of the maniac. Then followed, as the fatal draught was more eagerly consumed, strange nausea, desperate confusion, and an unmanly cry as the earth seemed receding, whirling, sinking beneath them. At length nature relieved the stomach of its unwholesome burthen, and sound senseless sleep came on. How could the wary Indian now protect himself against a foe? The morning came, and with it, as they awoke, a parching thirst, a nervous dread, a cowardice they never yet had felt, a dejected spirit, and a downcast look—a combination, too, of such miseries as make the very heart shudder within the breast—such as no single one, nor all the natural diseases, if combined, ever could produce. The captain, well accustomed to such feelings, soon gave them relief, by inducing them to take fresh stimulants; thus establishing, as a habit, what perhaps would never have of itself returned, a constant desire for intoxicating drinks. In such times as these, the brothers would begin to feel a jealousy if the captain did not bestow his favours and attention equally on them. It was then that selfishness overcame the nobler feelings of the heart. They were

induced, not with any ill intent, but to amuse their friends, to try their strength against each other, and a severe trial it was. Two such athletic forms, so equally matched in strength and skill, could not well contend without great danger. A fist-fight between two boys is not likely to prove of a very serious nature, while one blow from the pugilist will readily terminate the life of his opponent; and in this instance both were severely hurt, without any decision being possible as to their superiority. Formerly, the regret of each would have been that he had hurt the other; now, this feeling was reversed. They struggled against each other as if they had been struggling against a deadly foe. And when, at length exhausted, they joined their friends; the glass went round again and again, until the same mad feeling rendered their passions ungovernable. Each boasted of his superiority over the other, and many attempts they made to get together, but were separated by the captain, who tried to reconcile them in vain, until they became helpless from excess.

The vessel left them, having previously disposed of all the wine and spirits they could spare, or rather were willing to part with, together with a fusee, some ammunition, and several trifling things. The greater number of the Indians had been sent up to their head quarters with the different presents as they were made to them, and the chieftains, after parting with the white men reluctantly, commenced the indulgence of their dissipation. One soon fell from his seat senseless, from taking larger draughts, now that they were alone, and without the restraint imposed by the presence of strangers. The other became more furious as he drank. He called up every point of their previous contention, declared that the tribe should have but one chief as they had but one gun, that he was stronger and braver than his brother, that he could beat him; and in this manner working himself into a frenzy, at last fell upon his brother as he lay helpless, and murdered him, lacerating his throat dreadfully with a knife which he had received from the captain. This was effected before any interference could be offered by those around, who fled instantly from fear on seeing it accomplished, and runners started to communicate the fact to the elders. The rapidity with which they travel, and the distance they can go at one journey, are almost incredible. After the perpetration of his crime, the chieftain rose and drank deeply from a jug of pure rum that stood near him. Then observing that all the Indians had left him, he tried to blow his horn; this he found himself unable to do; he shouted, he tried to raise the warwhoop, but the echo from the opposite bank mocked his vain attempt. Taking his gun and as much spirits with him as he could carry, he wandered he knew not where.

The elders of the tribe were appalled at such dreadful tidings, for the prophet, an ingenious man, as all the Indian prophets are, seeing the strong attachment between the brothers, prophesied that their tribe should never be overcome until the twin chiefs quarrelled. A council was immediately called, and set off to the place where the murder was committed. They found the body, but the murderer was nowhere to be seen; and while some were sent in search of him, others set themselves to decide upon his punishment. They had laws for almost every offence, but they always considered twins as sacred; and for any one to have killed a twin, the most severe punishment they could invent was inflicted. But this was a still greater crime, and of a more revolting nature, besides betraying his tribe to the enemy, for they looked upon the prophecy as certain. After two days the council broke up; the criminal had been discovered and brought in.

He was found sitting amongst the rushes with a haggard countenance, his eyes bloodshot and swollen; the mud and water covered his legs, the gun and vessel of spirits lay beside him. He was singing, shouting, and throwing his arms about in a wild distracted manner; the blood of his victim had dried upon his breast and shoulder. As they approached him, he pointed the gun at them; it had been too long in the water, and would not go off; he threw it down, and erecting himself with difficulty, commenced giving his orders in a tone of authority. Seeing no one inclined to obey him, he stooped down, took up the vessel, and was in the act of finishing its contents, when he was in a moment surrounded and secured. They dragged him to the spot where his murdered brother lay, but he had become by this time insensible; the sentence of the council was nevertheless put into immediate execution.

* This tale has been prepared for our columns by an individual familiar with the country and people described in it.—Ed.

cution. The trunk of a large tree was fixed deep in the earth, on the very spot where the murder was committed; to this he was fastened naked, with the dead body of his victim bound to his side; his arm around its waist, its hand upon his heart, their heads secured cheek to cheek; and thus, for four-and-twenty days, he was condemned to be kept. Not a single thing was allowed to be removed from the place, nor any alterations more than were necessary to put the trunk in the ground. Two sentinels were placed to watch him, in such a position that he could not see them, and these were twice in the day to give him water. For many hours he remained unconscious of his situation; nor was it until, from the burning sunbeams falling on his head, his fever increased, and the salivary glands, exhausted by the poisonous liquor, which caused the stomach to require an extra quantity in its own defence, refused to yield one single drop to moisten his parched tongue and throat, that he opened his eyes in search of water, asking for it at the same time; finding himself confined, he struggled to be set at liberty, and called on his brother to assist him. The water was held to his lips; and, as it refreshed him, while looking down, his eye fell upon the ghastly wound that rested on his shoulder. The truth with all its horrors burst upon him. The violent struggle that he made against his bonds forced the blood from his nostrils; no cry of terror could escape his lips, and the next moment he fainted. When he recovered, the effects of intoxication had completely ceased, and he sent forth loud cries for assistance; shout after shout rang through the air, until his voice became feeble and hoarse; he could not move his eye from the horrid spectacle, but kept it involuntarily fixed on it, like one who watches the movements of a foe while standing face to face with him. The turkey buzzards now hovered over him, attracted by the smell of the dead body; and, oh! how he welcomed their appearance! They, like all other carrion birds, commence with the eye, and it would indeed be a blessing for him to lose his sight. Just as the welcome bird was venturing near, an invidious arrow pierced its body, and it fell near enough to them to be a warning to others. The lake that brought the cause of all this tragic scene, lay smooth and wide before him: what heavy curses fell from his lips against the white man! Had the captain been chained there instead of his brother, he could have borne it with delight. Again his eye fell on his victim, and another loud, long, piercing, straining scream was followed by the wild laugh of an idiot; then came tears and fiendish execrations, convulsive shudders, and spasmodic gasps for breath, mixed with hysterical sobs, as he struggled in vain; the body moving as he moved, the hand pressing more closely on his heart the more he strove to liberate himself, while the wound, as the body decayed, became distended more and more from his violent efforts.

Three days had he remained in this situation, when the sentinels, who had already tasted the pernicious beverage, were unable longer to withstand the temptation, for every thing had been left as it was when the murder was committed. The war-cry had gone through the land, and the remainder of the tribe had left the spot; the sentinels, to whose integrity the whole nation might have been entrusted, had been tainted by the vices, subsequent to the abuse of the luxuries of life; they broached the spirits, and soon became intoxicated; in this state they liberated the criminal, and fell immediately beneath his hand.

In the following year, about the same season, when the sky was beautifully clear, the weather mild, the surface of the lake but gently ruffled by the golden ripple that came dancing from the west, the white sails of the schooner were seen gracefully spread, reflecting from their concave form the red rays of the evening sun as she approached her former moorings. This is strange, thought the captain, as they drew near; very strange. He had been watching for the smoke from their fires, which had directed him on a former occasion, but now no smoke was visible. We surely were expected, he muttered to himself.

He was expected.

When the vessel was brought to anchor, seeing no canoes come out to welcome him, he conceived the Indians to have changed their fishing ground to some other spot, and determined to go on shore to ascertain if any traces of them might be left. He took two men and the mate with him in the boat, and, landing at the accustomed place, proceeded to the camp. He saw, to his astonishment, every thing as he had left it, but the trunk of the dead tree in the centre. As he approached nearer, he discovered a skeleton fastened to it so as to be swinging to and fro in the breeze; two other skeletons lay upon the ground, beside which sat a tall grey-headed Indian. In his hand he held part of a raw fish, which he was devouring, without apparently noticing their approach. His eye was glassy and wild. When the captain spoke, he made no answer, nor even turned his gaze away from some object on which it seemed fixed. But when the captain approached within a couple of yards, at one bound the Indian sprang upon him with the cry of a hyena, and fixing his teeth and fingers firm in his throat, forced him to the ground. In vain the men tried to remove his hold; it was the iron grasp of death. When they did succeed in tearing them apart, both were dead, and the men discovered in the features of the grey-headed Indian their once friendly chief, who seemed to have prolonged a miserable life, merely sustained by an Indian's revenge.

Other traders soon contrived to visit the village of the tribe in the interior, and to introduce, with other luxuries of civilisation, the use of ardent spirits. The ancient and virtuous habits of the Indians were now depraved; they were unable to compete with their enemies, returned from their hunting expeditions in disgrace, and, as their feeble remnant now tell you, THEIR NATION IS NO MORE.

ANIMAL COTTON.

In an age when fine leaves of bread are manufactured from sawdust, and superior wine from rhubarb and turnips, it is surprising that but little advantage has been taken of the natural production of an insect very common and much dreaded in the West Indies, the Capada worm or insect fly-carrier. It is a deadly enemy to the indigo and capada plantations, sometimes destroying whole fields in a night; a circumstance which gave rise to a saying once current in the western hemisphere, that the planters of indigo go to bed rich, and rise in the morning beggars. Attention has been turned more to the most efficient methods of destroying the animal, than to turning it to some useful purpose. Yet this might easily be done, for in a certain state it produces a substance which appears to be equal, if not superior, to the finest silk or cotton. It is of the most dazzling whiteness and the greatest purity, answering the purpose of lint in the hospitals of the negroes, when silk and vegetable cotton serve only to inflame wounds, by the asperities of their filaments. We abridge an account of it from Burt's "Observations on the Curiosities of Nature," a very bad title for an ingenious book.

The capada worm, or insect fly-carrier, is produced, like the silk-worm, from the eggs which its mother scatters every where, after she has undergone her metamorphosis into a white butterfly. It begins to live at the end of July, and at its birth is arrayed in a robe of the most brilliant and variegated colours. When on the point of undergoing its metamorphosis in August, it throws off this superb livery, and puts on another of an admirable sea-green hue. This fundamental colour reflects all its various shades, according to the different undulations of the animal, and the different accidents of light; but this new decoration announces the approach of a period when it is doomed to undergo great tortures. It is immediately assailed by a swarm of ichneumon flies, one of which inserts itself into each of the pores of its body, not an opening being left unoccupied. All its struggles to get free of its tormentors are in vain. These flies, which are so small that they can only be studied by the microscope, drive their stings into the skin of their victim, over the whole extent of its back and sides. Afterwards, and all at the same moment, they slip their eggs into the bottom of the wounds which they have inflicted. No sooner is this operation performed, than the ichneumon flies disappear, and the patient remains for an hour in a drowsy and even motionless state, out of which it awakens to feed with its former voracity. It then appears much larger, and its size increases every day. Its green colour assumes a deeper hue, and the tints produced by the reflection of the light are more strongly marked. About a fortnight after the worm has been encumbered with this factitious pregnancy, the prospect of a numerous progeny begins to be apparent. By the aid of a microscope the eggs may be seen hatching in the body of the animal; and as they are all produced at the same instant, a single glance reveals the capada worm covered with a living robe of ichneumon flies. They issue from every pore, all the body being covered with them, only the top of the head appearing bare. Its colour then changes to dirty white, and the little worms assume a black appearance to the eye, although their true colour is a deep brown. This operation lasts about an hour, and it is followed by another, which is not much more protracted, but still more singular.

Immediately that the ichneumon worms are hatched, without quitting the spot where they separate themselves from the eggs, they yield a liquid gum, which becomes solid on exposure to the air. At the same time, and by a simultaneous motion, they elevate themselves on their lower extremities, shake their heads and one half of their bodies, and swing themselves in every direction. And now they commence a very curious operation. Each of these animalcules works himself a small and almost imperceptible cocoon in the shape of an egg, in which he wraps himself up. The formation of these cocoons occupies only about two hours, and myriads of them being crowded close together, form a white robe, with which the capada worm appears elegantly and comfortably clothed; but while they are thus busily arraying him in his new attire, he remains apparently unconscious of their assiduities—he is then in a state of insect paralysis. As soon as this covering has been completed, and the little artists who wove it have retired to their cells, the worm endeavours to rid himself of his officious guests, and of the robe which contains them, but he does not succeed in the attempt without the greatest efforts. At length he contrives to get rid of the encumbrance; but instead of his former fat and shining appearance, he presents all the decrepitude of extreme old age. He is flaccid and dull; his skin is

wrinkled and dirty; and, in short, symptoms of approaching dissolution begin to show themselves. He still makes a desperate attempt to gnaw a few leaves, but he no longer devours them with that voracity which indicates a vigorous constitution. Shortly afterwards he passes into the state of a chrysalis, and in giving life to thousands of eggs, he relinquishes his own. The cotton produced in this remarkable manner may be used without any preparatory process, as soon as the flies have quitted the cocoons, which is generally eight or ten days after their seclusion. Indeed, there is no need for the precautions which the silk-worm requires, the robe which covers the fly-carrier being worked every where so perfectly well, and in such abundance, that in less than two hours the quantity of one hundred pints has been collected. This highly interesting animal certainly deserves some attention, for we are not aware that any has been given to it, except in so far as its destruction was concerned. We know not that experiments have been made to weave this silky substance into a wearable tissue, but if the description which we have given above be correct (and there is no reason to doubt but it is), there seems no obstacle to its being used for this purpose.

We may here notice a singular fact, established by Dr Mitchell of New York, that vegetable fungi grow on the bodies of living insects. He states that these vegetable productions are not peculiar to one insect, but are to be found on the bodies of the wasp, sphynx, and others; that the bodies of insects nourish more than one species of vegetable fungi; that some of these parasitical plants begin their work of annoyance, like the larvæ of the ichneumon, in the body of the living insect, and continue it till the animal is killed by its destructive operations; that these mixed associations of vegetable with animal life are not prone to rapid putrefaction, but remain long enough to be collected by naturalists, and become the objects of scientific investigation. Dr Mitchell seems to be of opinion that vegetable fungi, in attaching to the insect class of animals, perform an important purpose in the economy of nature, by preventing the inordinate increase of such animals.

REPORT OF BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS IN ENGLAND.

THE First Annual Report of the Registrar-General of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, recently published, contains a mass of statistical information of the most valuable kind, and which is destined to become more valuable by comparison with similar statistics relating to subsequent years, which the Registrar-General will be enabled henceforth to furnish annually. As this Report, in its present shape, is not likely to come within the reach of many of the readers of the Journal, we beg leave to string together a few extracts from it.

It appears that the total number of marriages solemnised in England, according to the rites of the established church, during the year ending June 30, 1838, is 107,201; and the number solemnised during the same period, not according to the rites of the established church, is 4280; making the total number of marriages which have taken place in England, during the year, to be 111,481. Out of this number there were 5575 males and 16,563 females married below the age of twenty-one years.

The number of births registered in England and Wales during the year ending June 30, 1838, is 399,712, namely, 204,863 males, and 194,849 females. The number of deaths registered, during the same period, is 335,956, namely, 170,965 males, and 164,991 females.

The following Table shows the proportion out of 1000 registered deaths which have occurred at various ages during the year in England and Wales:—

Ages.	Males.	Females.	Total.
Under 1 year	234.66	193.72	214.64
1 and 2	127.17	128.65	129
3 — 4	47.57	49.47	48.51
5 — 9	45.89	46.27	46.07
10 — 14	24.87	27.3	25.91
15 — 19	30.96	37.48	34.16
20 — 24	39.02	43.5	41.22
25 — 29	35	39.97	37.44
30 — 34	33.05	37.42	35.2
35 — 39	32.38	34.25	33.3
40 — 44	32.91	32.69	32.8
45 — 49	32.6	30.65	31.64
50 — 54	32.12	30.8	31.47
55 — 59	33.54	31.42	32.5
60 — 64	40.51	40.64	40.57
65 — 69	41.05	41.83	41.43
70 — 74	42.95	44.95	43.93
75 — 80	40.3	43.46	41.85
80 — 84	30.48	34.89	32.63
85 — 90	16.97	20.86	18.88
90 and upwards	6.26	9.51	7.86

In allusion to the value of this table, the Registrar-General says, "In the abstract of deaths (the registration of which even for this first year has been effected with signal success) I have entered into more minute

details exhibiting enumerations of the deaths of persons of each sex at every successive year of age. Such details are of acknowledged value, as data for determining the laws of mortality, as bases for calculations materially affecting the interests of millions. Tables exhibiting the proportion of deaths at every successive year of age are among the most important materials from which are deduced the true principles on which should be founded the systems of life-annuities and of life-insurance, and the rules of friendly societies established for the use of the poorer classes."

Besides the above abstract of deaths for the whole of England and Wales, the Registrar-General has contrived, by dividing the kingdom into twenty-five divisions, to exhibit the difference which prevails in the proportions in different parts of the kingdom, and to compare town with country—agricultural districts with manufacturing and mining districts—the hilly with the low and level—the maritime with the inland—the eastern and northern with the western and southern parts. "Nor (says he) are these divisions matters of merely curious speculation, but may be made the source of important benefits, especially to the poorer classes. It was stated in evidence before the Committee on Parochial Registration in 1833, by the Actuary of the National Debt Office, that the extent of difference which then existed was utterly unknown; that tables for the use of the poor, in reference to sickness and mortality, and in reference to the regulation of their friendly societies, could not then be constructed for two districts differing in character, from the want of such information as an improved system would afford; and that if two societies of poor men residing in districts of a totally different character were, at the same time, to apply for tables to guide them in preserving their societies solvent, he 'should be under the necessity of giving the same tables to both, though knowing perfectly that the rates which were adequate in one case were inadequate in the other.'" All this information, however valuable and important as it unquestionably is, is but a subordinate result of the national system of registering births, marriages, and deaths, lately come into operation in England—the great and primary object of that system being henceforward to collect information as to the date and every other circumstance connected with the birth, marriage, and death of every individual in England and Wales, and to deposit and preserve such information, in a systematic manner, in one central office in London, where, at all times, and under proper regulations, it will be easily accessible to all classes of the people.

We shall, in conclusion, briefly describe to our readers the method adopted by the Registrar-General for registering births, marriages, and deaths. He has divided the kingdom into districts, to each of which he has assigned a superintendent-registrar, and one or more registrars. Under the Poor-Law Amendment Act, the whole of England and Wales has now nearly been formed into distinct unions for the administration of relief to the poor; and these divisions of the country for parochial purposes have generally been found convenient for the purpose of registration likewise. Generally speaking, the clerks of those poor-law unions, who are for the most part solicitors and men of respectability, have been appointed to the office of superintendent-registrar of births, marriages, and deaths, for their respective unions, as have also the relieving officers of those unions been appointed the registrars, who act under the direction of the superintendent-registrars. These local registrars are required to inform themselves carefully of every birth and death which shall happen within their respective districts. It is left to their discretion to employ such lawful means of procuring this information as may to them appear best. Having received intelligence of a birth or death, the registrar proceeds to the house where it has occurred, and enters it in a register-book kept for that purpose. Every registrar is required, quarterly, to make and deliver to the superintendent-registrar of his district a true copy of all the entries of births and deaths registered by him in the register-book of births and of deaths, upon blank forms furnished to him for that purpose, which copies, after having been examined and compared by the superintendent-registrar with the register-books, and certified by him, are transmitted by post to the Registrar-General in London. The process which these certified copies undergo in London is thus described by the Registrar-General: "The duties performed under my more immediate direction upon the receipt of the certified copies, after the termination of each quarter, at the general register-office, are, 1st, the examination; 2d, the arrangement; 3d, the formation of alphabetical indices; and, 4th, the compilation of abstracts (to which last we have already alluded).

1. After such preliminary arrangement as shall prevent the confusion and intermixture of papers, each leaf of the certified copies, and each entry thereon, is subjected to a strict examination. If any erasure, interpolation, informality, omission, or error, or defect of any kind, is thereby detected in any entry, it is immediately noted, with a reference to the entry, in a form furnished for that purpose; and all such defects as require explanation, or may at any future time cast doubt on any matter recorded in the register, are made the subjects of immediate inquiry: a letter is addressed to the person who registered the defective entry, and his explanatory reply is preserved in the office, ready to be referred to in the event of

explanation being deemed requisite at any future period.

2. After the examination of the certified copies of a quarter of a year, the leaves are arranged, pagged, and bound in volumes, for preservation and reference, regard being had in such arrangement to locality, so that entries registered in the same district shall never be far apart, and those which belong to the same county shall, with few exceptions, be found in the same volume. * * * The certified copies so arranged and bound are kept deposited in fire-proof cases.

3. A separate alphabetical index is made for reference to the births of each quarter, another for the marriages, another for the deaths, being twelve separate indices for reference to the births, marriages, and deaths of the whole year, containing for the first year of registration, ending June 30th, 1838, 958,630 entries. The alphabetical arrangement is that of surnames, and it is carried out even to the last letter of each word; and where the surname recurs often, the alphabetical arrangement has been extended to the name also.

I need not enlarge upon the advantages derivable from the facilities afforded by such indices. Obviously desirable as it is that important records like the certified copies of registers of births, marriages, and deaths, should be placed in one central public repository, the advantage of such accumulation would be comparatively slight, if easy reference to any of the millions of entries which will be collected in a few years were not afforded by a systematic arrangement, and a complete method of alphabetical indexing. The immense saving of time, labour, and expense, which is thereby effected, cannot be appreciated by a mere comparison with those cases in which (the place of the register of baptism, burial, or marriage, under the old system, being known and accessible) little trouble was incurred in obtaining a copy of the entry required. But it must be remembered, that cases have occurred where the register of a baptism, burial, or marriage, being required for legal purposes, no person living has been able to state in which of all the parishes in the kingdom the baptism, burial, or marriage, had been registered, or whether it had been registered at all. * * * In such a case, with no indication but the surname sought, and the probable period of the birth, marriage, or death, the search, which previously was a hopeless task, may, with respect to entries in the new registers, be accomplished in a few minutes."

The old parochial system of registration in England was in many respects exceedingly defective. In the first place, the registers kept by the parochial clergy were registers of baptisms and burials only, and furnished no evidence whatever of the precise time of the birth or death of an individual. They were also, for the most part, kept in a careless manner, and in numberless instances they were found materially obliterated or destroyed. Mr Matthews, a barrister, in his evidence on this subject before the Parochial Registration Committee in 1833, said, at the last York assizes he happened to be present upon the trial of the cause of "Doe and Hungate," a case of considerable notoriety in that county, where a large estate was at stake; and upon Mr Sergeant Jones stating that an obliteration appeared in a register which was produced, Mr Justice Alderson, who tried the cause, observed, "Are you surprised at that, brother Jones? I am not at all surprised. I have had much experience, and I never saw a parish registry book in my life that was not falsified in one way or other; and I do not believe there is one that is not."

The expense and delay, too, consequent upon procuring the certificate of a birth, marriage, or death, in cases where the parish where the event occurred was not known, were enormous, and formed not the least of the evils of the old system. In such cases a search has frequently been abandoned as fruitless, after having been made in half the parishes of England.

All these objections, however, will now, for the future at least, be completely removed by the operation of the new system of registration.

In concluding this notice, we would wish to impress upon the English readers of the Journal the necessity and propriety of their affording every facility in their power to the local registrars in the work of registration, for we are aware that some degree of prejudice towards the measure exists in England, and that some persons have carried this feeling to so great an extent as to refuse the necessary information when called upon by the registrar; an offence which the law has made a misdemeanour, punishable with a pecuniary fine. There cannot be the slightest doubt that it is the interest of all classes, more or less, that such important events as the births, marriages, and deaths of the population, should be correctly registered and preserved; and we are wholly at a loss to conceive on what grounds any individual can refuse to comply with the provisions of a law which has in view objects of such national benefit and importance, more especially as he can fulfil those provisions at no expense, and at the most trifling amount of trouble possible. We indeed regard the English people as highly favoured by the establishment of such an efficient system of registration amongst them. Scotland has nothing of the kind. Nobody can tell how many children are born, how many persons are married, or how many die, annually in Scotland. There are, of course, parish books, but these are on a most imperfect scale. Of births no note is taken, and only such persons as please, register baptisms. There is a

register of proclamations of regular marriages, but no corresponding record of the solemnisation of these marriages, except at the pleasure of the parties. O. Irregular marriages, no note whatever is taken. We verily believe that not above one in ten of the marriages which take place in Scotland could be legally proved, except by litigation before a supreme court, in which collateral evidence might possibly be produced. A register of burials is kept at every burying ground, but no register of deaths. Thus, in Scotland, the whole matter of registration may be considered as on the worst possible footing

THE TWO PICTURES.

[This simple little piece is from the pen of our esteemed friend Mrs Anna Maria Hall, and is contributed by her to the ART-UNION, in which she appears to be a regular writer. The Art-Union is perhaps not so well known in Scotland as it should be. It is a monthly paper, in the form of the Literary Gazette or Athenæum, but devoted exclusively to subjects connected with the fine arts, including notices of exhibitions of pictures, lives of artists, hints on taste, criticisms on elegant engravings, and enriched, as we have said, with light agreeable articles from Mrs Hall, whose accomplished husband is, we believe, its conductor.]

It is impossible to avoid loving Mistress Janet MacAvoy—when you know her; I do not mean when you merely see her. But those who delight in things aged—in old furniture, in tapestry, in books with dim bindings, very ancient, very moth-eaten, very imperfect, and if they were perfect, not particularly full of value—any one delighting in "such like," not exactly for the sake of what they are, but what they were, or obtained credit for being, would "take" immediately to Mistress Janet MacAvoy.

As a well-preserved specimen of what Scottish ladies—far removed from Edinburgh—were some sixty years ago, Mistress Janet is perfection—as such, your antiquary would woo her at once. The blue satin brocade she displayed to us, last Thursday evening, when she came to see my "two pictures," as she called them, would have stood alone, if the little, pale, formal gentlewoman to whom it gave a local habitation, had crumbled from beneath its folds into dust; her black silk mittens were drawn up so as to meet the deep point lace ruffles, which certainly tempt one to "covet and desire;" the little foot was encased in a high-heeled shoe; the apron was of India muslin, flounced with embroidery; a white folded kerchief showed "pigeon-craw fashion" beneath the distinct folds of a black mode cloak, garnished with such lace!—but the head—it was as fine a study as an artist could desire of the antique: Mistress Janet MacAvoy's pure white hair was drawn up from her high narrow forehead over a something—I really do not know what to call it—a roller, I suppose; and this was surmounted by a cap—point lace again—and lappets; so that the dear little lady's head, taken from the chin to the top bow on the top of the muslin monument, measured fairly, would certainly be about half the length of her natural figure. Her eyes are keen, blue, and severe, with a dropping of the lid—a cautious dropping, such as I have seldom noted except in the Scottish countenance; yet theirs is the severity which a virtuous action would disarm, and a vicious one sharpen into living arrows. Her nose is little and pointed; it could impale a foe and defend a friend; the lines about the mouth are hard when the mouth is shut, but when she speaks to, or of, those she likes, the hardness melts altogether away, and her smile is such an outbreak of sunshine, that the winter of her face is completely forgotten. I delight in her smile—it is apart from her other features—they do not answer it, and yet it hallows them; not even an old bachelor in a fit of the gout, who, I take it, must be the most unhappy and unmanageable of the whole animal creation, could withstand the sweet influence of that dear old lady's smile. And then, though she is sarcastic enough at times, there is something sure to come out that tells you her heart has the humanities all alive about it. She does not parade her charities; but the prayers of many a widow and many an orphan have borne her over the billows of a troubled life, when others would have been overwhelmed. She says she hates children; and yet you frequently find her surrounded by them in the back parlour of her pretty house, cutting great pieces of a large plum-cake, which seems endowed with a perpetual existence in her corner-cupboard. If she hears a tale of woe, her little eyes go wink, wink, and the tears that follow would pursue a proper course, did not the high cheek-bones send them any way rather than the ordinary one; but whenever her tears flow, her money follows; nor does she, as coarse-minded people sometimes do, think that money only can raise the bruised reed; she enriches gold by the delicacy with which it is presented. She seems, and I do believe is, ashamed

that people she considers better than herself should want assistance; and after the performance of a very benevolent action, she is as mysterious and as shy as a young leveret, and shuts herself up for a day or two, as if to exclude observation. I need not add, that Mistress Janet MacAvoy has never had what a French lady would call "the necessary appendage" of a husband. Some people hint, that in early life she was "disappointed in love;" but as this, I believe, is generally the case with those who love in "early life" (by which interesting term young ladies mean from fourteen to seventeen), I do not think there is any thing in the circumstance worth recording.

Mistress Janet MacAvoy never speaks of the tender passion; but certainly the only class of men she appears to dislike in reality are old bachelors; her nose grows as pointed as a fine Whitechapel sharp at the mention of an old bachelor. Once an old bachelor offered his arm to take her down to dinner—she gave him such a look! and sailed off in her brocade with no other assistance than that which her slender limbs afforded.

She came to London to take charge of the domestic arrangements of a nephew who had lost his wife, and was left with five young children; there was no probability of his marrying again, for he was poor and in ill health; however, it was enough for Mistress Janet that he was in distress, and the son of her sister, and so she quitted the very neighbourhood, immortalised by having given birth to Robert Burns. She came, never having breathed air that did not approach her with perfume over the "heath-clad hills," to the thick, murky neighbourhood of Fleet Street—in what may be called her old age did she come to endure the turmoil and bustle of a poor citizen's house, who had no claim of personal affection upon her, and from whom she had never heard till he was in trouble—still, was he not of her blood? was he not her sister's child? was he not poor? did he not want "some ane mair comely than himsel?" to look after his "hame and his bairns!" and was it na a blessin' frae the Almighty for an auld woman to be usefu'!

Mistress Janet has been more than useful: her purse is open, her heart benevolent, her judgment clear; and notwithstanding her peculiarities, her grand nieces and nephews love and venerate the source of their many comforts: this is extraordinary, for oddities are seldom valued as their virtues deserve. Still Mistress Janet is sometimes glad to escape from the living cataract of Fleet Street—to our "Kosery," and come out to us at Old Brompton—as she always says, to breathe fresh air and gather flowers. I like to see her moving methodically along our gravel walks, noticing every new addition to our flower-beds, and saluting all her old favourites with a word of recognition. She sits under the great mulberry tree, as if she were one of those dames of the olden time—whom Mr Nash has of late so happily portrayed—and looks something like the ancient shepherdess of my grand-mother's embroidery, for she wears gay colours, and has a *peachant* for roses under her bonnet. But Mistress Janet's chief delight is in our engravings; she will weep over a picture, if the story be pathetically told; that is, the tears will course each other down her cheeks, though she makes no moan. But I never saw her so sensibly affected as by the sight of the "two pictures," as she calls them—when she saw Allan's portraits of Scott and Burns; she fixed her eyes for a length of time on that of the "PEASANT POET." I saw the tears were coming. She had known him—had taken him by the hand—had talked with his "Jean"—possessed, too, a scrap of his handwriting, and has repeated to me ballad after ballad from his immortal pen in the "simmer gloamin'," and in that low, soft, Scottish accent which, to my thinking, adds music to the verse; and yet she turned away without a word—looked out of the window—stooped to pat my little hound, and then, when abundant time had elapsed to forget an ordinary subject, she exclaimed—"It's himsel'—his vera sel'—as I have heard he sat in his father's cottage, composing that wonderfu' and holy poem, 'The Cotter's Saturday Night!' I canna say I ever saw him so if the clouds like, wi' his pen in his hand, and that weight o' holy thought aboon his brow; he was aye glad o' company, an' I was a braw lassie in thae days, and it was mair natural that he was ready wi' his clavers than his poetry. Weel!" she continued, putting on her spectacles to enable her the better to peruse the details of the picture, which are so beautifully made out that I never saw a Scottish person look upon them without delight; there is the Bible—the pride of the cottage—a few books, not too many, for they might have interrupted the poet's study of the glorious volume of nature, from which came both his knowledge and his inspiration—his broad tartan bonnet, the hilt of his old gran'sire's claymore, the empty luggie and wooden bowl, marking the frugal fare of him who deserved

"The glorious privilege of being independent!"

"Weel," she said, "it is Robert Burns, looking, as he did, mair like a gentleman's gamekeeper than a common farmer—like ane who somehow had conversed wi' beauty and goodness; it wæsna weel done tho', o' Maister Allan, to mak Robbie turn his back on the family Bible, for though, puir laddie, he often forgot,

he ne'er disrespected, its words. And there is his dog—his ain dog Luath, his

"Gash and faithfu' tyke,"

at his foot, and weel he looks—but ah, dear me! a painter can only paint the face wi' ae meanin' on it! but his *natur*, his *räle natur*, ye maun gae to his poetry for that—there's nae pure *natur* without poetry—it's jist the voice o' *natur*—poetry is the voice o' *natur*, the same as the sang o' yon throistle is its voice—baith hae the same teacher; and she commenced singing, as if to herself, the tender ballad of "My Nannie O!"—giving me, as I glanced from one to the other of these national pictures, time to think on the fate of the two greatest of the many great men Scotland has produced, and to calculate which of the two would live the longest in our nation's memory. I do not think I am able to decide—inclining sometimes to one, sometimes to the other; just now, my feelings are with Burns; his warm and genuine poetry is graven on my heart; and so, indeed, are these stories of the "Northern Wizard;" those Scottish stories—especially the "Heart of Mid-Lothian"—so noble in virtue, that if there were nothing else preserved of his composing, it is an all-sufficient monument; but Burns depicted in a song what filled Scott's volume; in many cases their object was the same; but the novelist diffused what the poet concentrated—blessings on them both! for greatly do they contribute to our happiness, though their two pictures make me sad. Burns, whose whole nature was as the essence of immortality!—who can read, as I have done, only this morning, his appeal for *five pounds* to one of his oldest friends, and not feel a thrill of horror, that within a month of his death poverty should have so gnashed its bitter teeth and fastened them on his heart. Then there is Scott in his splendid library, surrounded by the tokens of his taste and genius—the vase on the table, Lord Byron's gift—the keys of the Old Tolbooth of Edinburgh hanging by the window—the ancient border bugle—the sporan or purse of Rob Roy—the bust of Shakspeare—the pistol of Claverhouse—a brace of pistols that had been grasped by the hand of Napoleon—the Celtic shield and broadsword—the stately Maids, who contrast well with Burns's "faithfu' tyke." And yet how sad it is to think that, well born—rich—powerful in fortune and in genius—he died worse than broken-hearted! Must such of necessity be the fate of those who are gifted above others with the distinctive power of genius? Must the vase be broken, the perfume spilled? Must the heart be crushed—the spirit bowed?—Alas! such are sad questions—to which fearful answers must be often given.

Yes, I dearly love those two prints; they are among the most cherished of my household gods; they are painted and engraved by Scottish artists; the honoured names of Allan and Burnett are upon them; and how happily the one has been seconded by the other! If the engraver had refined away the strong and striking character the painter has given to both, if he had laboured, as some do, to sacrifice force to delicacy, he would have committed an outrage upon the memory of his country's truest patriots. Shall I not speak for thousands when I thank him for the bold and manly style in which his admirable engravings have been executed! And may I not express a hope that no Scottish house—that few homes where Scott is loved and Burns is worshipped—are without these admirable aids to a true relish and comprehension of the men and of their works!

But I am forgetting my honoured friend.

"Ye are lookin' at Sir Walter," said Mistress Janet, peering into the picture. "I thought mysel' the greatest woman in Scotland for three whole days, after I had the honour to shake hands wi' him; his kindness went right to the heart, and I couldna mak up my mind which I lo'd best, himsel' or his books, until I read his life."

"And what then, Mistress Janet?"

"What then—why, I thanked God that mine wad never be worth the scribbin'," she replied, taking a pinch of snuff. "And yet I'll no be sure but the first fault was, that, not content wi' being the greatest man in the world, he wanted to be the greatest nobleman. Ah! it is a great pity he was no content wi' God's whole treasury."

I could not but echo his countrywoman's regret, and felt more strongly than ever, that, for all his want of five pounds, Robert Burns enjoyed more than Sir Walter Scott—

"The glorious privilege of being independent."

These two pictures, commemorating in so striking a manner the relative positions of their subjects, are of all-powerful eloquence—to men of letters their lesson is stern and true—the over-grasping of the one, the thoughtlessness of the other, were both fatal. We think upon these gifted men before the commencement of their real trials—the mighty applause of thousands rings in our ears. The whole civilised world bowed at the shrine of Abbotsford. Every lip in the three kingdoms has uttered the songs of Burns; and yet the one, in his shackled magnificence, the other, in his cottage poverty—with the trumpet of fame still blasting, as if in mockery, at their distress—both died—broken-hearted. It surely cannot be that genius, like beauty, is a "dangerous" gift; that the mind, soaring, even in the swathings of mortality, nearer and nearer heaven, must be plunged back into the

mire of earth. I cannot think that God would give the eagle its pinion only to exercise His power in crushing it to atoms; it is man's improper ambition or perverse wilfulness that soils his greatness, and causes fools to exclaim against the destiny of genius.

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

GREEK SUPERSTITIONS CONTINUED—ORACLES, SACRIFICES, OMENS.

THE Greeks believed in the possibility of foretelling future events. The wisest among them were in this respect not more advanced in intelligence than those ignorant beings in the present day who put faith in fortune-tellers. The practice of divining what would be the result of important enterprises, was connected with the religion of the country, and therefore countenanced and supported by the state. In all matters of importance, the desired knowledge of futurity was sought for from certain oracles, or, as we should now call them, fortune-telling establishments. By far the most celebrated of the Grecian oracles was that of Apollo at Delphi, a city built on the slopes of Mount Parnassus, in Phœcis. At a very remote period it had been discovered, that, from a deep cavern in the side of that mountain, an intoxicating vapour issued, the effect of which was so powerful as to throw into convulsions both men and cattle. The rude inhabitants of the surrounding district, unable to account for this phenomenon, conceived that it must be produced by supernatural agency, and regarded the incoherent ravings of those who had inhaled the noxious vapour as prophecies uttered under the inspiration of some god. As the stupefying exhalation ascended out of the ground, it was at first conjectured that the newly discovered oracle must be that of the very ancient goddess, *Earth*, but Neptune was afterwards associated with this divinity, as an auxiliary agent in the mystery. Finally, the whole credit of the oracle was transferred to Apollo. A temple was soon built on the hallowed spot, and a priestess, named the *Pythonesse*, was appointed, whose office it was to inhale, at stated intervals, the prophetic vapour. To enable her to do so without the risk of falling into the cavern, as several persons had previously done, a seat, called a tripod, from its having three feet, was erected for her accommodation, directly over the mouth of the chasm. Still, however, the *Pythonesse* held an office which was neither safe nor agreeable. The convulsions into which she was thrown by the unwholesome vapours of the cavern, were in some instances so violent as to cause immediate death, and were at all times so painful that force was often necessary to bring the official to the prophetic seat. The unconnected words which the *Pythonesse* screamed out in her madness, were arranged into sentences by the attendant priests, who could easily place them in such an order, and fill up the breaks in such a way, as to make them express whatever was most suitable to the interests of the *shrine*, which was the main object. Lest the oracle should be brought into discredit, care was, in general, taken to couch the response in language so obscure and enigmatical, that, whatever course events should take, the prediction might not be falsified, or rather might appear to be verified. It may be observed that, in the course of time, the plan of simulating convulsions was most probably adopted by the chief agent in these impositions.

The fame of the Delphic oracle soon became very extensive, and no enterprise of importance was undertaken in any part of Greece, or of its numerous colonies in the islands and along the coasts of the *Ægean* and *Mediterranean* seas, without a consultation of the *Pythonesse*. The presents received from those who resorted to it for counsel, not a few of whom were princes or influential and wealthy leaders, formed a source of great and permanent revenue to the institution, and not only afforded the officiating priests a comfortable maintenance, but furnished also the means of erecting a splendid temple instead of the rude edifice which had been originally constructed. The high veneration in which the Delphic oracle was held, gave its directors a large share of influence in public affairs; an influence which they sometimes exerted in a most commendable manner, in sanctioning and furthering the schemes of the statesmen, legislators, and warriors, who undertook to improve the political systems, reform the laws and manners, or defend the liberties, of Greece. Like the Olympian Festival, it also formed a bond of union among the numerous independent communities of Greece, and, by lending the authority of the gods to measures of general utility, often repressed petty jealousies and quarrels, and excited all to study the common welfare. Even when the rest of Greece was vexed by civil war, the chosen territory of Apollo was undisturbed by the din of arms; and the security which it enjoyed, on account of its sacred character, caused Delphi to become a place of deposit for much of the wealth of the states.

It is understood that the Greeks derived their superstitious belief in oracles, as they did many of their arts, from the Egyptians. In the deserts of Lybia, in a direction west from Lower Egypt, was situated the temple of Jupiter-Ammon, one of the most magnificent structures in the world, and celebrated for the oracular responses of its imaginary deity. Alexander, on the occasion of his conquest of Egypt, paid a visit of ceremony to this famed oracle, and consulted it respecting the fortunes of his family. Romans, as well as Greeks, revered this distant

fortune-telling establishment. After the battle of Pharsalia, Labrenus besought Cato to consult so celebrated an oracle, but that great man, who seems to have possessed sentiments of more exalted piety than his countrymen, made the following memorable reply:—"On what account, Labrenus, would you have me consult Jupiter! Shall I ask him whether it be better to lose life than liberty? Whether life be a real good? We have within us, Labrenus, an oracle that can answer all these questions. Nothing happens but by the order of God. Let us not require of Him to repeat to us what he has sufficiently engraved on our hearts. Truth has not withdrawn into these deserts; it is not engraven on the sands of Lybia. The abode of God is in heaven, in the earth, in the sea, and in virtuous hearts. God speaks to us by all that we see, by all that surrounds us. Let the inconstant, and those that are subject to waver according to events, have recourse to oracles. For my part, I find in nature every thing that can inspire the most constant resolution. The coward, as well as the brave, cannot escape death. Jupiter can tell us no more."

The oracles of Greece, like those every where else, in time fell into disrepute; their predictions were laughed at, and exposed as either equivocal or false; and, finally, as the light of Christianity spread over the Roman provinces, they became altogether dumb.

While the oracles continued to act the part of public and accredited prophets, there were various other means of looking into futurity, and procuring tokens of good or bad fortune. Of these, the most remarkable were certain signs or marks in the intestines of victims, slain as sacrifices at the altars. The mode of sacrificing is worthy of explanation. Bulls, goats, sheep, pigeons, cocks, and other creatures, were immolated to the gods of the country. Sometimes there was a hecatomb or sacrifice of a hundred animals at a time, to appease the manes or restless spirits of the deceased. A notion prevailed that the animals to be sacrificed would show signs of satisfaction on being brought to the altars, if the gods to whom they were offered felt pleased with the oblation. On bringing forward a bull or goat, the officiating priest drew a knife from the forehead to the tail, at which, if the victim struggled, it was rejected as not acceptable to the gods; but if it stood quietly at the altar, then they thought the gods were pleased with it; yet a bare non-resistance was not thought sufficient, unless it gave its assent, by a gracious nod; to try if it would nod, they poured water or barley into its ear. We should imagine that these tests seldom failed in making the animal plunge with its head. Being satisfied with the sign, the priest proceeded to pour wine, and sometimes fruits or frankincense, between the horns of the victim, and afterwards struck it down and bled it to death. Great dexterity was requisite in striking down and bleeding a victim, for if it did not fall at once upon the ground, or stamped or kicked, or struggled to be loose, or did not bleed freely, or seemed to die with pain, it was thought unacceptable to the gods; all these being unlucky omens. To the celestial gods, sacrifices were made in the morning about sunrise; but to the deities of the lower regions, who were supposed to hate the light of day, they were made at midnight. It was customary on some occasions to dance round the altars whilst they sang the sacred hymns, which consisted of three stanzas or parts. The first of these parts, called *strophe*, was sung in turning from east to west; the other, named *antistrophe*, in returning from west to east; then they stood before the altar, and sang the *epode*, which was the last part of the song.

The sacrifice being ended, the priest had his share, and another portion was given as a due to the magistrates; the remainder was usually carried home by the offering party, for the sake of good luck and the preservation of health. Sometimes portions were sent as presents to absent friends. Important ceremonies of this kind were terminated with feasts, and these were concluded by the whole party adjourning to the temple of Jupiter or some other god, and there pouring out a libation of wine at the altar.

Besides the sacrifices, there were also other sorts of presents offered by the Greeks to their gods, either to pacify them when angry, or to obtain some future benefit, or as a grateful acknowledgment of some past favour. These consisted of crowns and garlands, garments, cups of gold, or any other thing that conduced to the ornament or the enriching of the temples. When any person changed his employment or way of life, it was customary to dedicate the instruments belonging to it, as a grateful commemoration of the divine favour and protection. Thus, a fisherman dedicated his nets to the nymphs of the sea; shepherds hung up pipes to Pan or some other of the country deities; and a lady, decayed with age, dedicated her mirror to Venus.

Divination by inspection of the intestines of the animals slain as sacrifices, was a business of a very grave kind, calling for the most earnest attention on the part of its professors. If there were any appearance of disease or injury, or any discoloration in the entrails, if the liver was dry, or if the heart palpitated, or was shrivelled, the sacrifice was unpropitious, and bad luck was to attend the proposed enterprise; if the gall was large and ready to burst, there were to be bloody wars or fights. The death of Alexander was foretold because his victim's liver had no lobes. On the day that Pyrrhus was slain at Argos, his death was prognosticated by the heads of

the sacrifices, which, being cut off, lay licking their own blood. It was also a very unlucky omen when the fire applied to the victim did not ascend calmly and in a straight line, or when the smoke curled and spread abroad. There was also a mode of divination by dreaming. Its professors threw themselves at will into a trance, during which, it was pretended, they visited in spirit the celestial regions, whence they returned with supernatural knowledge. In Athens a professed dreamer was kept at the public expense.

Divination by watching the motions and cries of birds was a superstition of great antiquity. It was observed that certain kinds of these animals disappeared in flights at particular seasons, and again returned, in a manner equally mysterious and incomprehensible, to their wonted haunts. In the present day, we know that such migrations take place from quite a natural cause—the instinctive desire of the animals to seek a climate conformable to their wants. But it was no part of the Greek, or, we may add, the Roman, philosophy, to attribute any event whatever to proximate natural causes; the meaning of every thing was sought for in the supernatural. The periodical flight and temporary absence of birds was therefore a phenomenon which served to invest these creatures with something like a supernatural character. When the birds left the land towards the approach of winter, to seek warmer skies, they were believed to retire from our earthly sphere, and to visit the heavenly regions, there to enter into communication with the gods, and receive from them a knowledge of future events. As birds could not disclose their information by language, it was customary to watch their flight, and also to kill them, for the sake of omens. If an eagle wheeled in its flight, or flew upwards, or perched on the ground, or if a flock of smaller birds settled on a temple, or was seen flying in a particular manner or direction, something, either good or evil, was betokened. There were also lucky and unlucky birds. Both Aristotle and Pliny, two great men of antiquity, reckoned vultures to be very unlucky, because they were generally seen before any great slaughter. Owls were, for the most part, looked upon as unlucky birds, but at Athens were omens of victory and success, being sacred to Minerva, the peculiar tutelary goddess of that city. The dove was thought to be lucky; so also was the swan, especially to mariners, being an omen of fair weather. Ravens were believed to receive a power of portending future events from Apollo. When they appeared about an army, it was a bad omen; if they came croaking upon the right hand, it was a tolerably good omen; if on the left, a very bad one; the appearance and chattering of magpies were unlucky omens. When Alexander entered Babylon, and Cicero fled from Anthony, their deaths were foretold by the noise of ravens. Pliny affirms that the worst omens were given by these birds when they made a harsh sort of noise, rattling in their throats, as if they were choked. Cocks were also accounted prophetic, especially in matters of war, for they were sacred to Mars, and were usually sacrificed to him, and pictured with him. The crowing of cocks was an auspicious omen, and presaged the victory of Themistocles over the Persians; in memory whereof, he instituted an annual feast, which was celebrated with exhibitions of fighting-cocks in the theatre. It was thought to be a token of a dreadful judgment, if a hen was heard to crow.

The superstitious beliefs of the Greeks and Romans were without number. Bees, ants, and various reptiles and beasts, were imagined to have the power of giving omens of good or bad fortune. Before Pompey's defeat, a swarm of bees settled upon the altar. This was a dreadful omen. Yet bees were not unlucky in all circumstances. When Plato was an infant in the cradle, bees are said to have come and sat upon his lips, whereupon the augurs foretold that he should be famous for sweetness of language and delightful eloquence. The death of Cimon, a Greek warrior, was presaged by a swarm of ants, which, on the occasion of a sacrifice, crept in a cluster round his great toe. Toads were accounted lucky omens. Snakes were likewise ominous, as appears by the serpent mentioned in Homer's *Iliad*, which devoured a brood of nine sparrows, and was interpreted to signify that the siege of Troy should continue nine whole years. To meet a boar was reckoned very unlucky. When a hare appeared to an army in time of war, it signified defeat and running away; the flight of Xerxes's army was predicted by a hare.

The phenomena of the atmosphere and planetary bodies were likewise a fertile source of superstitious delusions. The appearance of comets, and also eclipses, were ominous of great public disasters, it being the general belief that they were special signs made by the gods to warn mankind of approaching troubles. Nicias, the Athenian general, being surrounded on every side by his enemies, was struck with such consternation by an eclipse of the moon, that he commanded his soldiers to lay down their arms, and so with a numerous army tamely yielded himself up to slaughter. Lightning and thunder were lucky or unlucky according to the point from which they proceeded. If seen or heard on the right hand, they were believed to be good omens, and if on the left, the reverse. Both lightning and its accompanying thunder were supposed to proceed from Jupiter, and were the most awful tokens of his pleasure or displeasure. It was a common belief that danger from lightning might be averted by hissing or whistling to it. When a thunder-storm commenced, all

Athens fell to whistling. At Rome, places struck by lightning were held sacred, and enclosed from ordinary use. Not a wind could blow, but it was attributed to Æolus; not a meteor could appear in the sky, but was imagined to be ominous of some approaching event or good or evil. When two meteors appeared together, they were supposed to be torches held out by Castor and Polux to light the mariner to port, and to forebode good weather; but if a third meteor happened to appear, it was declared to be Helena with a fiery dart chasing away Castor and Polux, and portended storms, shipwrecks, and disasters. Among a people so superstitious as the Greeks and Romans, it will readily be conceived that earthquakes were ominous of signal national evils. These agitations of the ground, now traced to simple natural causes, were attributed to Neptune, and to avert his fury, sacrifices were made at his altars, and he was sung to in loud and fulsome peans. When the ground was rent and laid open by earthquakes, the fears of the people, of the highest as well as the lowest rank, exceeded all bounds, and the subterranean deity was believed to be so wrathful, that nothing short of the most valuable offerings thrown into the gap would appease his anger. Thus, Midas, king of Phrygia, on one occasion cast valuable jewels, and also his own son, into a gap caused by an earthquake; and when a gulf opened from a similar cause in Rome, Curtius leaped into it on horseback, as a voluntary sacrifice to Neptune, who was supposed to be gratified with the offering, for the gulf immediately closed upon and swallowed its heroic victim. In these superstitious beliefs and observances we see a lamentable proof of the follies to which even a refined people may be exposed, if ignorant of the laws of nature.

THE GOVERNMENT CLERK.

[From "Heads of the French," now publishing.]

In France there are as many varieties of Clerks as naturalists ascribe to the *Lepidoptera*; but notwithstanding the thousand shades of difference, there are amongst them, to the keen and careful observer, great points of resemblance and striking analogies; in whatever grade of administrative department they may be engaged, they have all in view one single object, one fixed idea, one common destiny.

Let us explain in a few words the routine of the Clerk's life. At thirty, having a salary of eighteen hundred francs a-year, he marries an heiress with an income of six or eight hundred more; he takes a lodging, which must not cost him more than four hundred francs, at the further extremity of the Marais, or in one of the suburbs of Paris. He walks every day five miles to go to his office, and there fill up registers, copy letters, sort and arrange heaps of papers, deliver game-licences, passports, receipts, and warrants—or, again, to register those who arrive and those who depart; to make out the conscription-lists; to plan a bridge for this town, a school for the other, and a cavalry-barrack for a third; to circulate the thoughts and stories originating in Paris over France and Europe; from his leather arm-chair, to keep a vigilant watch on the motions of such a gambler or such a criminal, or the progress of such a conspiracy, and what not besides. Others must have an eye on the thirty-eight thousand French boroughs, to ascertain and provide for their wants, their wishes, their opinions, or all that relates to politics, trade, the public good, religion, morals, the preservation of health, and a thousand other things. Such are the Clerk's multifarious duties six hours of six days of the week. Sunday comes, on which day he does not rise till ten, and shaves much later than usual. Towards three he quits his dull suburb, and starts with his wife for Paris, where they walk two hours for an appetite, and dine for two francs at Richelieu's, on *perdre aux choux*, a *salade de homard*, a *sole au gratin*, with a *mérouse à la crème* for a dessert. After dinner they go in summer to the Champs Elysées, and in winter to Musard's Concert. At half-past ten they walk home, where they scarcely arrive before midnight—the poor wife almost dead with fatigue—and thus ends the day.

The class of unmarried Clerks is much more numerous than that of the married. "What is the use of marrying?" say they: "if we marry for love, what misery not to be able to offer to the woman of our choice the thousand amusements, the charming nothings, the jewels, ribbons, and flowers, which go for so much to constitute female happiness! If, on the contrary, we marry, like too many others, merely for convenience, why thrust ourselves, without any compensation whatever, into the hornet's nest of nurses, doctors, and dress-makers' and milliners' bills? Let us try if it be not possible to live otherwise." Thus, alas! it is from poverty that the greater number doom themselves to celibacy, and, perhaps, are thus even more unhappy than those of their brethren who have ventured on matrimony. It is true that the single Clerk is free, and proud of his liberty till he is forty. He dines at the table-d'hôte at thirty-two sous, frequents the public walks, concerts, theatres, *bals champêtres*, and otherwise, and is occasionally animated by the fleeting excitement of an adventurous existence. But gradually the scene changes; his hair turns grey, he numbers forty-five winters, and the age of illusions passes away, never to return. Concerts, balls, and plays, amuse him no longer. What is to be done? To what innocent passion can he devote himself? How must he fill up his long summer mornings, his interminable winter evenings? Important questions these! Dining at tables-d'hôte is moreover become insufferable to him. He can no longer endure to meet each day new faces, which he may never see again. Then, if he compare the flavourless soup, and

the harmless liquids in which swim the meats at his table d'hôte, with the delicious dishes and sauces so exquisitely prepared in private families, what a difference suggests itself to his mind! From this time a great change takes place in the single Clerk's life; he renounces the world, its amusements, its brilliant assemblies, to study a science, or devote himself to some quiet mania. He takes either to ornithology or numismatics, collects minerals, classes butterflies or shells, stuffs to the best of his abilities all his neighbours' dead canary birds, and subscribes to five or six illustrated editions. He ends by engaging a housekeeper, takes his meals at home, and settles down for life as comfortably as he can.

There are shades in the varieties of Clerks, which to dwell upon would be useless, their designation being a sufficient description. Such are the idler, who contrives to work only an hour a-day; the plodder, who is scrupulous of losing an instant; the *malade imaginaire*, who for thirty years fancies himself threatened with serious illness, expecting which he solicits frequent leaves of absence, and is bled and takes medicine regularly every fortnight; the joker, who is always propounding riddles and playing tricks; the flatterer, who is sometimes nicknamed by his fellow-clerks "the Spy," &c. &c. The Pluralist demands a sketch to himself.

The hours of business in a public office are usually from ten to four o'clock. As long as the Clerk remains unmarried, he sleeps or otherwise idles away the eighteen hours' leisure afforded him by government; but when he marries, and children bring poverty, he tries to make the best possible use of his spare time. Then, indeed, his life is the most laborious and varied imaginable. It is hardly six o'clock, when he is already up and copying deeds and abstracts for solicitors; he colours prints, gives lessons in drawing, or on the French horn, or perhaps writes articles for the pictorial magazines, or scribbles novels or compilations at fifty francs a volume, according to his intelligence or inclination. From ten till four he is at his office. His dinner over, at six he betakes himself to some theatre on the Boulevard, to play the bassoon; or, if he is no musician, he employs his evening in keeping the books of some tailor, grocer, or any other shopkeeper in his neighbourhood. Such is his daily existence till eleven o'clock. Poor victim to marriage!—what industry!—what self-denial! Setting these aside—thanks to his unremitting exertion for seventeen hours per diem—the pluralist Clerk succeeds in providing food and clothing for his wife and children, and adds eight or nine hundred francs to his Government salary of fifteen hundred.

[The Government Clerk at length retires from the desk.] He has served thirty years: the period for his retirement has arrived; but, alas! here again are new grievances and fresh disappointment. In his youth, the Clerk is ever pining for the day when he shall retire, break his chain, recover his liberty, his independence, his freedom of speech, &c. When the time really arrives, his language is no longer the same. He resembles the Woodman in the presence of Death, in the fable. "What, already!" cries he. "What tyrannical injustice! I have scarcely begun to reap the fruit of my labour, and now I am dismissed; and with the stroke of a pen goes the one-half of my income! I who took so much pleasure in framing reports, auditing accounts, writing dispatches, &c. What is to become of me?" The Clerk then invariably forgets that there was a time when he was indignant that the old should bar the road to the young. However, retire he must, willingly or unwillingly, in spite of all appeal; and if his children are all provided for, and there is nothing to keep him in Paris, he usually retires to some small town in its immediate vicinity, and not unfrequently lives till he is eighty—happy when his savings have enabled him to purchase an acre of land, and subscribe, conjointly with the mayor of the place, to the oldest of the opposition newspapers.

There are some exceptions to this resignation and longevity. "Have you heard the news?" says sometimes one of the clerks, as he mends his pen, to his comrades in the office. "Have you heard the news of old A—, our pensioned head clerk?"

"No. What of him?"

"You know that he retired to the environs of Chantilly, at the entrance of a charming village, surrounded by magnificent vegetation; but it was the verdure of his papers, not that of the fields, that he cared for, poor man! As soon as he had ceased to see them about him, his health began to decline; he lingered six months; he who used to be so contented and happy in his office! His spirits entirely forsook him; a slow disease gradually undermined his health, and wore his body to a shadow."

"And how is he now?"

"Very well: he died yesterday!"

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

We gather the following scraps of information respecting the condition of Van Diemen's Land, from an official return drawn up by the colonial secretary to the government, for the years 1836–7–8, and published in the Hobart Town Courier, May 31, 1839.

From No. 1 in the return, it appears that the fixed revenue of the colony has increased from L.91,320 in 1835, to L.98,081 in 1838, although in the interval there has been a decrease of L.18,000 on the annual revenue from spirit duties. "The reduction of the price of labour, and the improvement in the moral and civilised habits of the lower classes, have induced the use of the more cheap and wholesome beverage of beer, which of course must also have displaced the use of spirits." The number of licences to publicans and wholesale dealers in spirits has been considerably diminished.

The annual expenditure of the colony has correspondingly increased from L.103,027 in 1835, to L.138,681 in 1838; much of this increase, however, is caused by the colony now bearing the cost for the

police establishment, formerly paid by the home government.

"From No. 4 it will be seen that the number of vessels entered inwards, and cleared outwards, in 1835, was inwards, vessels 229, tonnage 55,833; outwards, vessels 225, tonnage 53,560; whereas, in 1838, they had increased respectively, to inwards, vessels 370, tonnage 64,454; outwards 369, tonnage 63,392; being an increase of 61 per cent. on the vessels inwards, and 64 per cent. on those outwards.

No. 5 shows that the imports for the three years have increased 20 per cent., and the very pleasing fact, that the exports for the same period have increased at the astonishing rate of 81 per cent., or from L.320,679 in 1835, to L.581,475 in 1838. The imports are more than L.15 for every individual on the island. This great increase in our trade is no doubt in some measure attributable to the establishment of the two new colonies of Southern Australia and Port Phillip, which has given a fresh stimulus to commerce."

The exports have likewise greatly increased. Of wool, "the exports have increased from 8000 bales in 1835, value L.142,921, to nearly 11,000 bales in 1838, value L.171,599. The oil has likewise increased from 2154 tons, value L.51,398, to 4801 tons, value L.121,270, or more than double, and the whalebone from 132 tons, value L.10,698, to 187 tons, value L.15,507.

From No. 6 your excellency will perceive that the increase in the number of vessels and tonnage belonging to the colony has even more than kept pace with the great advancement of our commerce. The vessels have increased 42 per cent. in the three years, the tonnage 90 per cent., from which it is evident that more distant trade is now undertaken by our merchants than formerly.

Return No. 7 shows that ship-building is likely to prove another source of colonial industry. The number of vessels built in 1835 was 5, with a tonnage of 382, while in 1838, 10 vessels were built, tonnage 1267; a very great and rapid increase.

No. 8 gives a return of the number of grants of land, and of the number of acres granted, for the three years. From No. 9, which your excellency will observe contains the number of acres of crown land sold during the three years, and the average price per acre, it will be perceived that the average has been 8s. 5½d. per acre, the highest average being that of 1836, when it was 9s. 9½d. per acre, having annually decreased since that period.

From Nos. 10 and 11 it appears that the number of acres in crop has increased from 87,283 to 108,000, or nearly 24 per cent. The number of horses has increased at the rate of 49 per cent., and that of sheep from 824,256 in 1835, to 1,214,485.

Return No. 17 is a comparative account of the population, showing that it has increased from 40,283 in 1835, to 45,546 in 1838, or nearly 14 per cent.; and it is satisfactory to see, that while the male population has increased only about 13 per cent., the number of females has increased nearly 21 per cent., and that of free females more than 25 per cent.

The next returns show the number of inquests held on persons who have died, directly or indirectly, from drunkenness, from the year 1830 to the end of March 1838, and your excellency will be gratified on observing, that the year 1837 exhibits a marked decrease when compared with that of 1836; and if we may judge of the year 1838 from the returns of the first quarter, the decrease is still greater, and is yet more remarkable among the bond than the free.

From return No. 19, which gives a comparative account of the rates of wages, it will be perceived that the wages have fallen, though slightly, during the three years, at the average rate of above sixpence per diem.

The next return, that of manufactures and trades, shows a progressive increase in almost every branch, some of which I would more especially particularise. In 1835, the number of mills driven by water and wind was 47; it is now 51; and in place of one driven by steam, we have now three. The number of breweries, cooperages, candle manufactories, engineers, sail-makers, and shipwrights, has also greatly increased. This increase is in a great measure accounted for by return 21*, which shows that the number of miles of metalled roads in the colony has, during the three years, been very nearly doubled. Prior to 1836, there were only 68 miles so metalled; there are now more than 110: of these 110 miles, 97 are on M'Adam's plan, and 13 on that of Telford. The number of bridges erected during the above period is 9; and that of culverts 274,893,000 cubic yards of excavation, and 757,000 cubic yards of embankment, have also been formed. The cross roads have also been improved, and better lines adopted."

The post-office system has been considerably extended. In Hobart Town there are now three deliveries in the day by the twopenny post, and the number of letters has increased, during the four years in question, from 9689 to 16,095. The number of places of public worship in the colony has increased from 18 to 32, and of sittings from 8369 to 14,000, and this does not include temporary buildings, or those which contain less than 100 sittings.

The number of actions at law is decreasing annually. Crimes against person and property have likewise decreased. During the three years ending in December 1835, there were 37 executions; during the three years ending December 1838, the number of executions was only 15. In 1838 there had been only three. "I need not here enlarge (concludes the writer

of the return), yet I would mention that the morals of the convicts have improved, the number sent up for good behaviour in 1835 being 286; whereas, in 1838, it was 439, or 1 in 2 nearly. The number of deaths has decreased from 1 in 34 to 1 in 68. The general health of the settlement is also much better."

LOCOMOTIVE POWER APPLIED TO CANAL TRANSIT.

It is, we suppose, generally known that the principal obstacle to the use of steam-engines on board canal-boats, is the injury done to the banks by the action of the water from the motion of the paddles. This, it appears, cannot be overcome, and consequently canal-boats are still dragged by horses on the old plan. An attempt, however, has lately been made in Scotland to introduce the use of steam-power for inland navigation, by means of a railway and locomotive tng along the line of the Forth and Clyde Canal. The following accounts of the experiments are from the Edinburgh newspapers:—

FIRST EXPERIMENT.—"This, which was of a novel nature, was conducted by Mr John Macneil, civil engineer, and consulting engineer to the Canal Company. It is well known that the haulage of boats on this canal has hitherto been performed by horses; the rates of speed being, for the heavy sloops, brigs, &c., in the London, Dundee, and other trades, about 1½ to 2 miles per hour, when drawn by two or five horses, according to the state of the weather; and for the swift or passenger boats between 8 and 9 miles per hour, on an average, when drawn by two horses. The object of the experiment was to ascertain the possibility of using locomotive steam power to draw the boats, instead of horses. Accordingly, a single line of rails, upon blocks, like an ordinary railway, was laid down for a considerable space along the canal banks, near Lock 16; and a locomotive engine and tender, built by Mr William Dodds, having been brought down the canal and set on the rails on the morning of the 21st, Mr Macneil, Mr Johnston, the canal director, and several engineers and gentlemen, being present, the experiment commenced by attaching to the engine the towing-line of the first passenger-boat that made its appearance, and which contained upwards of ninety passengers, with their luggage. There was a trifling delay in disengaging the horses, and tying the line to the engine, but this was amply compensated when the 'Victoria' briskly set off, and almost immediately gained a speed of 17½ miles per hour, which she kept up round two curves, and until the termination of the rails made it necessary to stop, amid the cheers of the delighted passengers. This experiment was repeated, during the course of the day, with each passenger-boat as it came on the railled space, and with equal success each time. On one occasion a towing-rope, which was much decayed, got foul of a curb-stone and broke, but without causing the slightest inconvenience, except about one minute's delay. The engine employed being intended only for a slow trade, was not calculated to go at greater speed than eighteen miles per hour; but it was the opinion of all present, that, with proper passenger locomotives, a speed might be obtained equal to that upon the best railways, few of the latter possessing the advantage secured by the canal bank of a perfect level throughout. The nature of the motion was highly gratifying to all the passengers, being more uniform, steady, and smooth, than when the boats were drawn by horses. Several of the heavy (masted) were also taken in tow during the two days of trial, at the rates of 3, 3½, 4, and 5 miles per hour; and, on one occasion, two loaded sloops, and a large waggon-boat, were together attached to the engine, and hauled with ease at the rate of 2½ miles per hour, whilst only one-fourth of the steam was allowed to pass the throttle valve. The foregoing statements render palpably apparent the immense advantages which might be gained by this new adaptation of steam-power—a great economy of haulage expenses, as one engine might draw at least six sloops, which now would require from 18 to 24 horses, and, if necessary, at double the present speed; and a proportional increase of the present traffic on the canal, which might be reasonably expected. Passengers would increase in a great proportion, when attracted by economy and speed of transport. The Union Canal from Edinburgh to Falkirk might be traversed in 2 hours, and the Forth and Clyde Canal from Falkirk to Glasgow in 1½ instead of 4 hours and 3½, as at present, and this by only assuming 16 miles per hour, though more might easily be performed, as the experiments have shown."

SUBSEQUENT EXPERIMENT.—"The locomotive employed on this occasion was the 'Victoria,' the same engine that had been employed in the former trial. By her were towed both the passenger boats, and the larger vessels of the Canal trade, under a variety of conditions. Some of the most remarkable results were as follow:—

With a passenger boat laden with passengers (an average load), a rate of twenty miles per hour was attained, and it was evident that the only limit to the speed was that of the power of the engine. The following eight trading vessels were arranged in a line, attached to each other, and the first to the locomotive:—

	Tons	Actual Load.	Drawn by Water.
Register.	Tons.	Feet.	Inches.
Thetis, Grangemouth	66	35	8 0
Alert, Leith	41	67	8 9
Union, Kirkcaldy	48	65	8 6
Thistle, Alloa	51	18	6 0
Dainty Davy	30	47	7 10
London Packet	81	70	8 10
Star (Scow)	0	40	4 0
Prince (luggage boat)	0	22	4 6
	317	364	

For the haulage of this amount of tonnage, at the usual rate of 11 mile per hour, about twenty horses are employed, under the most favourable circumstances. The 'Victoria' towed it, with about one-fourth only of her steam-power, at a rate of 2½ miles per hour. The case

with which she did this justified the opinion of several spectators, qualified to judge, that double this amount of tonnage might have been mastered by her with very little or any diminution of her speed.

The wave produced by the motion of the large vessels at the rate they were towed, was of the ordinary size and character; that of the rapid boats, though large, was by no means so formidable as to create any fear that it would be an obstacle to the adoption of this mode of conveyance. In one of the latter experiments, four passenger-boats were towed in a line, and the volume of the waves was evidently broken up into numberless smaller waves, spreading over the whole surface of the canal, and resembling a great ripple. The reverse of this occurred when two passenger-boats were lashed together abreast as a twin-boat; the wave then extended in a fine regular glassy swell from the boats to the shores. These effects point out the fact, that the form, magnitude, position, &c., of the wave, are all susceptible of modification. As little is to be apprehended from curves, of whatever character. In the railway upon which the engine travelled, there was a curve of double flexure, the radius of part of which was less than a third of a mile. No sensible retardation in her speed was produced by it, nor was any disposition observed, even in the most rapid transit, to run off the rails. To prevent the latter effect occurring from the resistance of the vessels towed, the outer rail was laid a little lower in level than the inner one, so as to give the engine a slight tendency to descend towards the outward rail. This also prevents, in a certain degree, the overturning of the engine by a strong pull.

During the whole of the several series of experiments, not a single fact occurred to check the expectation that this union of the railway and the canal will, wherever practicable, take the precedence of every other, in point of combined convenience, safety, rapidity, and economy."

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALCUTTA, BY AN OFFICER.

THE Fort of Calcutta is one of the most splendid and convenient military establishments to be found in any quarter of the globe. It is very spacious, and, like the Tower of London, resembles a small town rather than a mere citadel, consisting of various streets and squares adapted for different purposes. On all sides it is guarded by a high and strongly built rampart, which is surrounded by a broad fosse, over which are placed drawbridges, leading to the principal gateways. On our first arrival here, after due admiration of the noble fortress itself, I was particularly amused by observing a tribe of extraordinary looking birds of the crane species, called Adjutants, which are quite domestic, but of a strange unsightly appearance, and which stand erect, like the penguin, in military fashion, rank and file, remaining as silent, motionless, and orderly, as a regiment drawn up on parade. These curious creatures are so well drilled, and so well practised in soldierly habits, that they never move the body, nor even the head, to the left or right as you pass by them, but seem fixed as statues, and are generally to be seen surrounding the green square enclosure in front of the barracks, where they remain in a state of ruminative apathy under the full blaze of the mid-day sun, until the soldier's dinner-drum begins to beat. Then are they all in motion in an instant, scampering off in double-quick time to the men's barracks, where a scene of great drollery usually ensues. They are most ravenous creatures, and provided with an enormously long and formidable bill, as well as with a large capacious bag, which hangs down from their throat to their long lanky legs. These curious birds, after all, though by no means an ornament to the fort, are as useful as they are amusing, being literally and truly its scavengers. They carry off all the offal and refuse thrown out about its precincts, and to them, and a host of assistant crows, who also frequent the locality, the inmates are indebted for the admirable cleanliness, and consequently much of the healthiness, of the place. These crows live on good terms, for the most part, with the adjutants; but sometimes one of the latter species is provoked out of its apathy by some mischievous encroachment on the part of the lesser birds, and gulps down the offending crow in an instant, feathers, bones, beak, claws, and all. This is a feat which the adjutant can execute with the greatest ease.

The fort is often the scene of animated festivity, from the presence of native jugglers, renowned for their surprising skill and dexterity. The performances of these people have been so often described, that I shall only advert to one piece of jugglery which was practised upon myself, and which is curious from bearing a strong resemblance to the feats recorded in sacred history as having been performed by the Egyptian magicians. Indeed, as it is well known that the Hindoo tricks have been handed down from the most distant ages, from father to son, there is little wonder that such a similarity should exist. The particular trick alluded to consisted in the apparent conversion of a small brass coin into a snake. The juggler gave me the coin to hold, and then seated himself, about five yards from me, on a small rug, from which he never attempted to move during the whole performance. I showed the coin to several persons who were close beside me on a form in front of the juggler. At a sign from him, I not only grasped the coin firmly in my right hand, but, covering that hand with equal tightness with my left, I enclosed

them both as firmly as I could between my knees. Of course I was positively certain that the small coin was within my fists. The juggler then began a sort of incantation, accompanied by a monotonous and discordant kind of recitative, and repeating the words "Ram Sammee" during some minutes. He then suddenly stopped, and, still keeping his seat, made a quick motion with his right hand, as if throwing something at me, and giving at the same time a puff with his mouth. At that instant I felt my hands suddenly distend, and become partly open, while I experienced a sensation as if a cold ball of dough, or some such soft substance, was now between my palms. I started to my feet in astonishment, and also to the astonishment of others, and, unclenching my fists, found there no coin, but, to my horror, a young living snake—a cobra-di-capello—folded roundly up. I threw it instantly to the ground, as if already bit by the deadly reptile, which began immediately to crawl along the ground, to the amazement and alarm of all present. But the juggler now got up, caught hold of the snake, and displayed its length, which was nearly two feet. He then took it cautiously by the tail, and, opening his own mouth to its utmost width, let the head of the snake drop into it, and commenced deliberately to swallow the animal, till the end of the tail only was visible; then, making a sudden gulp, the whole of the snake was apparently swallowed. After this the juggler came up to the spectators, and opening his mouth wide, permitted us to look into his throat; but no snake or snake-tail was to be seen. It was seemingly down his throat altogether.

During the remainder of the performances, we never saw this snake again, nor did the juggler profess his ability to make it re-appear. But he performed another snake-trick which surprised us much. He took from a bag another living cobra-di-capello, and walking into the centre of the room, enclosed it in his hands, in a folded state. He waved or shook them for some time in this condition, and then opened his fists, when, behold! the large cobra was gone, and in its place were several small ones, which fell on the floor, and began to move about.

ANTI-BACCHANALIAN SONGS.

No. I.

PLEASURE IN SOBRIETY.

Man little thinks
That while he drinks,
And quaffs the flowing bowl,
He breeds dull care,
Creates despair
In future for his soul.
Man little knows,
When thus he throws
His sorrow to the wind,
He sows a seed,
Will only breed
More deep in memory's mind.
Then leave your wine,
Though 'tis divine,
Enjoy a sober smile;
It has no smart,
But cheers the heart,
And lasts a longer while.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

[BY MARY HOWITT.]

Sporting through the forest wide;
Playing by the water side;
Wandering o'er the heath and fells;
Down within the woodland dells;
All among the mountains wild;
Dwelleth many a little child!
In the baron's hall of pride;
By the poor man's dull fireside;
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean;
Little children may be seen!
Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright and countless every where!
In the fair isles of the main;
In the desert's lone domain;
In the savage mountain glen;
Among the tribes of swarthy men;
Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone;
Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone
On a league of peopled ground;
Little children may be found!
Blessings on them! They, in me,
Move a kindly sympathy!
With their wishes, hopes, and fears;
With their laughter and their tears;
With their wonder so intense,
And their small experience!
Little children, not alone
On the wide earth are ye known;
'Mid its labours and its cares;
'Mid its sufferings and its snares.
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod
In the presence of our God!
Spotless, blameless, glorified,
Little children, ye abide!

A HARD CAST.

An American paper contains the following brief but serious complaint:—

"One of our subscribers has stopped his paper, because we refused to insert an obituary, two columns in length, of a child of his which died at the age of two months. We should have had no objection to have published a short obituary of the infant, but what would our other readers have said to two mortal columns?"

It was, doubtless, a most unreasonable thing to request the insertion of so voluminous an obituary of a child, which only reached the innocent age of a couple of months; and the fact of the father stopping his paper, because it was refused, only shows with what queer customers our Yankee brethren of the press have to deal. We are sorry, however, after all, that our friend of the broad sheet, on the other side of the Atlantic, did not, as a matter of curiosity, publish this two-column obituary; and we beg to give the father of the infant deceased due notice, should this meet his eye, that if he only send the obituary to us, we shall take care that it graces the columns of some of our metropolitan journals. What we are curious to know is, where or how this exemplary parent possessed himself of materials respecting his infant, out of which he could spin two newspaper columns. We had thought the first two months of infancy were not particularly prolific of epochs or vicissitudes, from which an obituary might be manufactured. It is pretty clear, one would think, that at that tender age, the babe, though free from the vices of after-life, could not have been overstocked with the positive virtues. What then, in the name of wonder, could this Yankee parent have had to say about his "little cherub," that would have filled two columns. It may have been a "dear babe," as all babes are; and it may moreover have been devotedly attached to "nurse" and to "papa;" but then these are such commonplace affairs in the annals of babyship, that we cannot conceive on what ground this affectionate father thought them worthy of particular mention in the case of his child. We wish we had not seen the above paragraph: it has inspired in us a consuming curiosity to see the two columns of infantine biography. The best memoir ever written of any philosopher, statesman, or warrior, would not, to our minds, prove half so attractive. —*Grant's Walks and Wanderings.*

WORKING COLLIERIES.

We could almost wish that fate had destined us to be "working colliers." In that case we should have had some hopes of eventually attaining to wealth, if not to fame. As poor magazine editors, we have not the most slender prospect of either. The individual referred to in the following paragraph, may bless his stars that he was made a working collier, instead of the editor of a journal. Had he filled the latter situation, he never could have had the good luck which is in reserve for him; for no one ever yet heard of an editor establishing his claim to property of "immense annual value;" nor of triennial or septennial value either. But let the paragraph alluded to tell its own story:—

"A working collier, hitherto in very distressed circumstances, has recently established his claim as heir to property of immense annual value, near Ashby, in Leicestershire."

This is the eleventh or twelfth "working collier," who, if the papers may be credited, has had similar good fortune within the last six months. In all the other instances, if we remember rightly, there was a peerage or some great title associated with the "immense property." We are surprised to miss this pleasant-sounding appendage in the present instance. Probably it may be the next thing to which this "working collier" may establish his claim. What lucky rascals these underground gentry are! It is right, however, to add, that however clearly they establish their claims to immense property, distinguished titles, &c., in the columns of public journals, they do not succeed, in one case out of a thousand, in establishing their claims in a court of law. It is the latter consideration alone that prevents us from throwing ourselves into a coal-mine at once.—*Grant's Walks and Wanderings.*

AN EXECUTIONER'S LETTER.

THE following letter will be deemed a great curiosity. It is a true copy of a letter addressed not long ago to the under-sheriff of a northern Irish county, by a man who acts as executioner in several Ulster counties, but whose trade, it appears, has suffered greatly of late, in consequence of the greater obedience to law in the sister isle, or the greater leniency of those entrusted with its execution:—

O—Goal.

Dear Mr W— Sir Excuse my freedom Sir iye, am sorry that I have to Explain to your honour that traid and harvest and slaughter of every Degree has Left me but still Lives in hopes of a Change for the better Sir if traid had been Good with me this time back my Clothing would not have been so bad but still Lives in hopes Sir as iye am at Present Cut Down to the Lowest Ebb for want of business if you have any old wairing Aperel Past you iye hope you will not forget me and allso with a little Change to Cary me on as iye main to leave the Prison this Evening or to morrow morning Master David Sir iye hope we will have it in our Power yett to draw up theis Bad times for if you show me the object never fear iye will show you traid Sir iye most humbly hope you will Conclider me at the Present and the first harvest I will make a return What ever your Honour thinks of Doing with me have the Goodness to Explain it to mr Crowford and he will Deliver it to me.

Sir iye Conclude with my Cencear wishes for your seafy and welfair yours truly to command

E. X. C. J—B—

Addressed Mr David W— Esqur Sheriff for t—o—

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